Rev W Branscombe
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HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

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New Year's Day with Chinese Boys and Girls.

(By the Rev. Frederic Poole, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

The great day of all days for the children in China is New Year's Day. I think, if you were to ask a little Chinese boy what he meant by 'New Year's,' he would say, 'Noise, and plenty of it.' For weeks the Chinese are preparing for this great event. Houses are cleaned, and the shopkeeper looks forward to it with great satisfaction, because he knows that his customers, if they have any self-respect, will be sure to pay their debts before the new year; for it is considered a great disgrace to start the new year in debt.

Lots of firecrackers are laid by in readiness, but none must be let off before the proper time. No body goes to bed that night, but all sit up waiting for the hour of the new day, when the father, and his wife and little ones, all worship before the spirit tables of their ancestors, and then at the shrine of the household gods.

Then the door is opened, and the whole family and servants go outside and bow down to a certain part of the heavens which has been indicated in the Chinese calendar, and so worship heaven and earth, and receive the spirit of gladness and good fortune, which, they say, comes from that quarter of the heavens.

Then the noise begins, and when I was in China I often used to think that it was a good thing that the country was so big, for every one of the four hundred millions are setting off firecrackers at the same time. This is to frighten away evil spirits, and I have thought many a time that those spirits must have a bad time of it during the dawn of the Chinese New Year.

Yet, notwithstanding the noise, I always liked the New Year's in China, for after the first day the noise stops, and the shops are all closed for one or two weeks, for it is unlucky to do business during the birth of the new year (except at the back door,—but don't say anything about this).

Then, too, we Americans could walk along the streets for once in the year feeling sure that nobody would curse us, or call us 'foreign devils,' for it is unlucky to use that bad word at such a happy time. Dear me, how I did wish that New Year's would last twelve months!

But the first day has come, and the little Chinese children get ready to enjoy it for all it is worth. They are dressed in their best and gaudiest clothes, which are only worn on this occasion. The father has got from the pawn-shop his finest silk gown, which that obliging 'relative' has taken good care of during the past twelve months, and thus splendidly attired, the proud father and his little boys start out on a little visiting trip to his relatives and friends, to 'Kung Hi, Fah Tsoi,'—wish them a happy new year and many riches.

'What,' you say, don't the little girls go too?'

No; they must stay at home, because the little girl is not so important as her brother, and besides, she would have difficulty in walking far in her tiny 'golden lily' shoes which do not measure more than three inches in length.

But what a day it is for the little boy! He has already got his first present when Santa Claus, that is to say, the boy's father (same thing, you see, as in this country), gave him a little string of copper cash tied on a red cord; for it is unlucky to start the new year without money in your pocket, and that is something both you and I agree with,—isn't it?

But our little Chinese boy could never carry home all the money that is given to him, for it is the custom for every one whom he visits to give him presents of money, as well as candy and cakes. Of course, the father takes charge of this,—I mean the money—and I have often wondered if his little son ever sees his money presents again. I really think that a little Chinese boy must be a good investment for his father on New Year's Day in China.

But the visiting is soon over, and then the little Chinaman is off, sometimes with his sister, to see the sights in the streets. They look at the peep-shows and the Punch-and-Judy shows,—which, by the way, is a Chinese invention. They spin their tops and fly their kites, until the sound of gongs and drums tells them that there is a theatre or a juggling-show somewhere near, and off they go, and soon are to be found in the front row, clapping their hands in childish glee at the funny antics of the performers, until the man comes round with the hat, and then there is a patter of small feet as the youngsters scurry away, for the Chinese boys have no use for the hat,—like some other boys I know.

But twilight finds the tired little folks at home, for they are afraid to be out at dark; and little John Chinaman closes the day in eating sweetmeats, or in taking his turn at beating the unmusical gong, or in diving among the mass of red paper in the courtyard, where the fireworks are let off by his father and big brothers, in the search for unexploded single crackers, which he at once puts to their proper use, until, tired out with his day's exertions, he is put to bed, and is soon sound asleep, dreaming of cakes and candy, copper cash and Punch-and-Judy shows, and 'Cr-cr-cr-crack—bing—bang—boom!'

Religious Building at World's Fair.

ORGANIZED EFFORT MADE TO HAVE A SPECIAL STRUCTURE FOR EXCLUSIVELY RELIGIOUS EXHIBITS.

St. Louis, Dec. 11.—The movement to secure a Religious Building at the St. Louis World's Fair, in 1903, is being vigorously prosecuted by the representatives of the various churches in St. Louis.

Addressing President Francis of the World's Fair, a few days ago, in favor of a separate building for the religious exhibits, one of the reverend gentlemen on the special committee of the general committee of Church Workers, which has the matter in hand, said:—'Religion has done as much for the advancement of civilization within the Louisiana Territory during the past one hundred years as education has done. You have arranged for the educational exhibit by providing at least two large buildings. The religious workers want one building.' The application of the committee is for a building to be not less than 380 by 460 feet, at an estimated cost of $400,000. In this building they wish to include all exhibits of a religious nature. It was also stated that there was a general sentiment among church workers against having religious exhibits distributed among the department buildings. Among the exhibits suggested was a collection of the relics of the Vatican, including the tiara of the Pope. The movement for a religious building is entirely apart from that for a congress of religions.

President Francis assured the members of the committee that he was in favor of their proposition, and that he would present the matter to the Board of Directors at its next meeting. In addition to the endorsement of Mr. Francis, a letter from Mr. John Schroers, chairman of the World's Fair Committee on Education, was filed for reference to the directory. Mr. Schroers says:—

'As far as I am concerned personally, I do not hesitate to commit myself unequivocally in favor of your petition, recognizing the fact that the coming glory of the World's Fair in 1903 should not only be an exhibit of the material triumphs, industrial achievements and mechanical victories of man, however magnificent that display may be, but something higher and nobler is also demanded by the progressive spirit of the age. It would be proper to consider the foundations of religious faiths, to review the triumphs of religion in all ages, to set forth the present state of religion among the nations and its influence over literature, art, commerce, government and family life; to indicate its power in promoting social purity, and its harmony with true science, to show its dominance in the higher institutions of learning, to make prominent the value of the weekly rest day on religious and other ground, and to contribute to those forces which will bring about the unity of the race in the worship of God and the service of man.'

The membership of the various religious bodies represented on the petition is more than 25,000,000 in the United States alone. In addition, the Sunday-school enrollment is 9,718,432; Young Men's Christian Association, 238,568, making a grand total of 35,129,257.

Ask Now of the Days That Are Passed.

Ask of the year that so swiftly has passed,
Ask of the days that have flown;
What is there left that forever will last,
Where, oh, where, have they gone?

Swiftly the months and the moments have fled,
Never again to return,
Oh, have they left us—these days that are dead,
Naught but the dust of the urn?

Tell they of souls that from darkness have passed?
Tell they of fights that were won?
Tell they of deeds that forever will last,
And of the Master's 'Well done?'

Over the days that have vanished away,
Over the months that have flown,
Jesus is tenderly asking to-day,
Where, oh, where, have they gone?

—A. B. Simpson.

John Wesley Anniversary.

The Southern Methodist preachers of St. Louis have appointed a committee composed of the Reverend Doctor W. F. McMurray, the Reverend Doctor R. D. Smart, the Reverend Doctor J. W. Lee, Mr. Sam. Kennard and Mr. Murray Carleton, to confer with a like committee appointed by the Methodist Episcopal ministers for the purpose of arranging for the celebration of the two hundreth anniversary of Wesley in connection with the World's Fair. This matter came before the recent Ecumenical Council of Methodism in London, and it was referred to the several branches represented for action.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Dec. 29, Sun.—Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.

Dec. 30, Mon.—To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.

Dec. 31, Tues.—Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Polly's Christmas Inheritance.

(By Emma Huntington Nason, in 'Forward.')

'Two letters, and both for me!' called Mabel from the hall.

Mrs. Ingraham and her younger daughter Madge looked up with inquiring interest.

'One's from dear Mrs. Aldrich, and the other—oh, the other's from Nova Scotia—just from Cousin Polly, of course! I'll read Mrs. Aldrich's letter first.'

Mabel carefully opened the envelope at the end that its dainty seal might not be broken.

'Oh, what a lovely monogram!' she exclaimed, and then added, as she glanced eagerly down the page:

'Dear Mrs. Aldrich! This is just like her! She knows we are always as poor as poverty, and a little poorer this year, if possible; but she would not intimate that we girls ought to be earning a little money for ourselves! She just puts it in this way.'

'Oh, tell us! tell us!' cried Madge. 'If there is a heaven-sent chance for us to earn an honest penny, don't stop to break it gently!'

'I believe I am not the member of this family who is most addicted to making superfluous remarks,' replied Mabel. 'If my loquacious little sister will be silent, I will proceed.'

'I am silent as the sphinx!' humbly responded Madge.

'Well, dearie, Mrs. Aldrich writes that a woman's exchange has been opened in town, where all sorts of needlework, embroidery, and a long list of other things, will be received and sold for the contributors, only a small percentage of the price being retained by the exchange, and Mrs. Aldrich thinks that you and I might enjoy doing some of our pretty and artistic work for the Christmas sale, this year.'

'Oh, yes! simply for the pleasure of it, of course!' replied Madge. 'What a perfectly transparent blandishment!'

'But just think,' said Mabel, 'this is the very opportunity for which we have been sighing, but which we thought would never come to us, living in this little town. Now don't you think, Mother, that it is very kind in Mrs. Aldrich to write us about this exchange? She really knows what our work is, for we each sent her a fair sample for a Christmas gift last year.'

'Making acceptable Christmas gifts is a very different thing from making salable art work,' interrupted Madge ruefully.

'That is very true,' replied Mrs. Ingraham. 'Still, as Mabel says, Mrs. Aldrich has seen your work. She must consider it of some merit; and I should be very glad if you and Mabel could earn something toward your winter outfits this year. The funds in the "ginger jar" are rather low,' added the mother with a faint smile.

'Dear Mardie,' exclaimed Madge, jumping up from her chair and giving her mother a loving little hug. 'I'll go right to work, this very day, and paint some water colors in the highest style of modern art. Of course, none of them will sell; but Mabel's beautiful embroidery must and will. But why don't you read Polly's letter, Mabel? You have forgoten all about it.'

'I had, actually,' replied Mabel, hastily tearing open the envelope bearing the familiar cramped and crooked handwriting which they all recognized as Cousin Polly's.

'Of all things! Isn't this vexing?' cried Mabel. 'Polly's father is going to Chicago, and she wishes to come on with him, and make us a little visit, while her father is at the West.'

'Dear little Polly,' said Mrs. Ingraham, 'how glad I shall be to see her.'

'Yes,' assented Mabel, 'but what can we do, just now, with Polly? There are only six or seven weeks before Christmas, and we shall be just as busy as we can be, especially if we do this work for the Woman's Exchange; and then there is Christine Stuart's tea party; and Polly—well, Polly—is so—provincial, you know! Of course, she would be, living always in that little out-of-the-way place, in Nova Scotia.'

THESE WERE BUSY TIMES IN THE INGRAHAM HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Ingraham looked up in pained surprise.

'Forgive me, Mother,' said Mabel, penitently. 'We will make Polly have a good time, and we will do the work for the Christmas sale besides.'

Mabel and Madge both believed that they understood and appreciated the love and self-sacrifice of their devoted mother; but they really had no comprehension of the care and anxiety which this same 'dear little Mardie' had known since their father's death. Only by a very rigid system of economy had the mother been able to keep her home and educate her daughters; and her slender income was this year materially reduced by a recent unfortunate investment.

Mrs. Ingraham, therefore, would have been very glad if her daughters, by the talents which they undoubtedly possessed, could earn something towards their necessary expenses, to say nothing of the hundred and one little trifles so dear to the girlish heart, but seldom afforded for their personal gratification.

About Polly's visit, however, there was no question. So Mabel sat down immediately and wrote a most cordial reply to her cousin's letter.

A week later Polly came, and they all were very glad to see her. In fact, they could not help being glad, for Polly was such a joyous, sunshiny girl herself that happiness radiated from her very presence. She was not a pretty girl, but she had a bright, fresh face, dancing blue eyes, and fluffy, curly hair, that was always flying about in a breeze which Polly seemed herself to create.

Her new navy-blue serge suit was very evidently 'home-made.' Her hats were

utterly lacking in artistic effect. Polly undoubtedly was 'provincial,' but she was so entirely unconscious of her clothes that everybody else speedily forgot them, too, while her lovable disposition and merry ways at once made her popular with all the young friends of Madge and Mabel.

With that unfailing tact which is born of love and sympathy, Polly immediately identified herself with the interests of the household of which, for a few weeks, she was to be a part, and over and above all with the work which Madge and Mabel were doing for the Christmas sale.

The beautiful embroidery and the pictures in water color which were being evolved under the touch of Polly's two talented cousins were marvellous in the sight of the little maid from Nova Scotia.

'I wish I had a talent!' sighed Polly. 'How I should like to help. What else do they have to sell at the Exchange besides pictures and embroidery?'

'Oh! decorated china, infants' wardrobes, jellies, pickles, bonbons, and anything that destitute gentlewomen can make.'

'Oh, dear!' again sighed Polly.

But if Polly had not talent she had unbounded enthusiasm, and it was she who kept up the spirits of the other girls whose hope and courage often flagged before the task which they had set for themselves was accomplished.

At last the work was completed. There were two embroidered centrepieces for the tea table. One was wrought with a design of wild roses in pale pink, and the other, over which Polly went into raptures, was decorated with tiny forget-me-nots, buttercups, and daisies, apparently scattered at random upon the dainty white groundwork.

The water colors were originally drawings by Madge—bits of rocky pasture land, a group of white birches overhanging a transparent brook, and a hillside orchard with some gnarled old apple trees against a sunset sky.

They were all carefully packed and sent by express to the Woman's Exchange. Then the three girls waited anxiously. Polly was sure that the work would be accepted and that Madge and Mabel would be speedily overwhelmed with orders.

At last, after a week of feverish expectation, the long-looked-for letter came. Mabel opened it with trembling fingers and a throbbing heart. She read a few words, then, flinging the letter upon the floor, she burst into tears and buried her face in the sofa pillows.

Madge picked up the letter.

'Oh, Mother!' she gasped.

'Read it, my daughter,' said Mrs. Ingraham, while Polly gazed sympathetically from one to the other.

'I will!' exclaimed Madge. 'Just listen to this, after all our work and wild ambitions!'

'"We very much regret that we are obliged to return the water colors which you have so kindly submitted for our consideration. The pictures show some originality and merit, but the touch of the amateur is still apparent, and we fear, with the great number of pictures by recognized artists now on the market, that it would be impossible to find a sale for these water colors. We are also very sorry to return the embroidery. The work is remarkably well done; but there is no demand this year for table decorations in colored silks. Everything is done in solid white. We shall be pleased at some future time to see more of your work."'

'More of our work,' interrupted Mabel, scornfully. 'I will never send them another thing; neither shall Madge! "Amateur's touch," indeed! I just wish you could have seen the design for a magazine cover for which Mrs. Aldrich says a young friend of hers received one hundred dollars!'

'What was it?' asked Polly, with wide-open eyes.

'It was just a horrid splash of pink and chocolate color, with a limp girl in pale green, hanging over a fence, and looking exactly as though she had been washed and hung out to dry.'

'Only think of these dear little landscapes, as true to nature as they can be!' exclaimed provincial Polly.

'Oh, I wouldn't care a bit for myself and my poor little despised pasture lots,' said Madge; 'but when I think of all the time and expense which Mabel has put into those two centre-pieces, I do feel woefully disappointed. We did need the money so much. But we have just failed and that's the end of it.'

At this moment a sudden light flashed in Polly's blue eyes.

'No!' she exclaimed emphatically, 'this is not the end of it.'

The next morning Polly resolutely declined an invitation to spend a few days with Madge and Mabel at the home of one of their young friends, and the sisters on their return found Polly just delivering a mysterious package to the expressman at the door.

It was addressed to the Woman's Exchange.

'Oh, what is it? what is it?' cried the two girls, dancing round Polly with uncontrollable curiosity.

No questions or coaxing, however, could extort from Polly her well-guarded secret.

'But, Polly,' expostulated Madge, 'you solemnly asserted that you hadn't any talent. Now we know that you have told a fib.'

'Do I look like an "amphibious" animal?' Polly's eyes twinkled. 'Just be patient till my letter comes,' she said.

Fortunately they had not long to wait. In a very few days the fateful missive came. It began:

'Miss Pauline Atherton.

'Dear Madam:'

'Well!' exclaimed Polly, 'they think I'm an ancient spinster; about sixty-five.'

'Oh, read on, Polly!' implored the girls.

'Very well, then, listen.

'"Miss Pauline Atherton.

'Dear Madam.—Your very excellent old English Christmas pudding"'—

'Oh, Polly!' shouted both girls.

Polly began again, remorselessly.

'"Your very excellent, old English Christmas pudding was submitted to the members of the Board of Management who dined at the Exchange yesterday, and it was pronounced superior to anything which we have received in this line. We have especially desired a pudding of this kind for which there is a great demand at the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. We are, therefore, authorized to send you an order for as many as you can furnish during the weeks preceding Christmas and New Year's."'

'Oh, Polly!' interrupted Mabel, 'how did you ever happen to think of old English Christmas pudding?'

'And how did you know how to make it?' said Madge.

'Why, it is my Christmas inheritance,' replied Polly. 'The recipe has been in the Anderson family for more than two hundred years. Every daughter of the house receives the precious legacy on her fourteenth birthday, and as my birthday comes on Christmas, Grandmother, who brought the recipe herself from England, calls it my "Christmas inheritance." I've helped her make the pudding a good many times, for I am the only daughter of my father's house, you know!'

'Well, Madam Pauline Atherton,' said Madge, 'you will be very busy if you are going to fill this order for an unlimited number of puddings before Christmas.'

'I?' exclaimed Polly, 'I am not going to make the puddings. It is you and Mabel who will make them. You will put in raisins and currants and citron and candied orange peel and spices, and a few other things of which I shall tell you; and presto! when we open the pudding mold out will come gloves and laces, and ostrich feathers, and silk blouses, and opal pins, and belt buckles, and all those other things you were both sighing for when we were in town the other day.'

'But, Polly, we know that the success of your pudding is in the secret charm of its concoction, which has been bequeathed to you'—

'Are you not daughters of the house of Anderson?'—interrupted Polly. 'The inheritance is yours as well as mine!'

Thus it was that in the Ingraham household for the few weeks preceding Christmas, there was much stoning of raisins, beating of eggs, chopping of suet, mixing of spices and other ingredients which gave Polly's Christmas pudding its fine and distinctive flavor.

The result was what Polly's exuberant imagination had predicted, a goodly, and, moreover, a well-earned sum of money, which enabled Madge and Mabel to relieve their mother of a part of the burden of the winter's expenses, and an opening for a future income from the same source. As for Polly, she was made unspeakably happy on her arrival at home, to find among her Christmas packages the three rejected 'pasture lots' in water color, and the table covers embroidered with wild roses, buttercups, daisies, and forget-me-nots, which provincial Polly to this day cherishes as triumphs of decorative art.

I Pack My Trunk.

(Amos R. Wells, in 'Christian World.')

What shall I pack up to carry
From the old year to the new?
I'll leave out the frets that harry,
Thoughts unjust, and doubts untrue.

Angry words—ah, how I rue them!
Selfish deeds and choices blind—
Anyone is welcome to them!
I shall leave them all behind.

Plans? the trunk would need be double,
Hopes? they'd burst the stoutest lid.
Sharp ambitions? Last year's stubble!
Take them, old year! Keep them hid!

All my fears shall be forsaken,
All my failures manifold;
Nothing gloomy shall be taken
To the new year from the old.

But I'll pack the sweet remembrance
Of dear friendship's least delight;
All my jokes—I'll carry them hence;
All my stores of fancies bright;

My contentment—would 'twere greater!
All the courage I possess;
All my trust—there's not much weight there!
All my faith, or more, or less;

All my tasks—I'll not abandon
One of these, my pride, my health;
Every trivial or grand one
Is a noble mine of wealth.

And I'll pack my choicest treasures,
Smiles I've seen and praises heard;
Memories of unselfish pleasures,
Cheery looks, the kindly word.

Ah, my riches silence cavil!
To my rags I bid adieu!
Like a Croesus I shall travel
From the old year to the new!

His Holiday Best

(By Sydney Dayre, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'You're doing your best, George?'

'Oh, yes, uncle. I—suppose so.'

'Your very best?' Uncle Harvey, led by a doubtful tone in the boy's voice, put the question searchingly.

'Why, I don't know exactly what you would call best, Uncle Harvey. I was hired to do certain work, and I do it. Of course, I shall be careful not to do more,' with a little laugh.

'Don't be too careful about that, my boy,' said the other, gently.

'Why, you wouldn't have me do more than I engage to, would you, uncle?'

'I would have you do more, rather than less. I would have an employee always looking after the interests of his employer.'

George gave a grunt of discontent.

'That doesn't go in these days, uncle. I heard you and father talk of times when a fellow by good, faithful work might rise to something in a business way. But that isn't so now. I'm just one among one hundred others in the great tread-mill of work.

'Well—I turn off here to take my train. Here, my boy, a little bit of Christmas—I wish I could multiply it by ten.'

George's face shone as the kindly hand put into his a ten-dollar gold piece.

'Oh, uncle!' fervently. 'You don't know how far this will go. How good you are!'

'Good-by, my dear fellow. Don't forget that the putting of your very best self into every thing you do is sure to pay in the long run.'

Towards evening on that day the head of the department in which George was employed called for the attention of the clerks. The business was conducted on a humane principle, and no undue demand was ever made on the employees.

'We have just learned that a belated lot of goods has come in. They have been in a slight accident, and are more or less damaged. As this department is closed for the evening, you were not expected to work, but we are now obliged to ask some of the force to remain, in order to get the goods into order for sale, as the fancy goods' clerks will have a busy evening of it. It is not compulsory; we are calling for volunteers.'

And this Christmas eve! There was a breathless pause. Then one and another spoke.

'I can't give up my evening at home,' said George to himself. 'What would mother and the girls think?'

But with his overcoat in hand there flashed over him the words his uncle had spoken in the morning. They had more than once occurred to him during the day, and he had wisely resolved within himself that this holiday season was a good time for the beginning of the practice of new resolutions.

'I'll come,' he notified those in charge. Then he turned his face homeward with a mind divided between the hardship of telling of an evening of work and the pleasure of showing his uncle's gift. How large it would look in the eyes of those to whom money now came so hard, so much harder than had ever been anticipated in fairer times.

'I believe I'll spend this money now, so as to be sure of it.'

But a wiser thought prevailed. The money should be spent with careful consideration of the needs and fancies of each member of the family. No one but mother could lay an exact finger on those.

How mother brightened at sight of the generous coin.

'Yes, it will make Christmas for us, dear,' she said. 'Nothing for Christmas otherwise, for your pay, dear, must go for the coal, and Emily's for the rent.'

There was a half hour of delightful consultation between mother and son on the spending of the gift, during which George made an exact list of articles selected by her.

Emily, the oldest daughter, came in by the time the list was carefully folded in mother's pocket.

'Why, it seems to me you haven't your Christmas face on, Emily,' said George.

'No, I haven't,' she said, with a suspicion of tears in her voice. 'I left it behind me at the moment they told me in the office that—'

'Not that you're discharged?' interjected mother, with an alarmed face.

'No, not quite so bad as that,' said Emily. 'Only that we were not, as is the custom in your place, George, to be paid on Christmas eve, but have to wait for the end of the week, as usual.'

A chorus of distress arose.

'Too bad! Too bad!'

'Some employers have no human blood in them,' said George, angrily.

'I promised that those bills should be paid to-night, if possible,' said mother, in a tone of dismay.

'Mother, you don't mean—' began George.

'I'm afraid I do, dear. A promise is a promise.'

'But that promise was based on the supposition that we would get our pay to-night.'

'It meant that they would be paid with the first money we could get.'

George told of the gift of their uncle, and a wail went up from the two younger children.

'Come, come,' said George, always loyally upholding his mother. 'This family is a unit in agreeing to do what has to be done. Don't lets make mother feel as though she had to bear the brunt of it all.'

'No, no; we can stand it to do without—as we often have before,' quickly assented Emily. 'And we're going to have a nice Christmas eve all together, and forget all about our money.'

Here was George's trial. He wished now that he had told before, but there had seemed no moment when he could.

'I have to go out to-night, folkses,' he said, with a brisk attempt at cheerful indifference.

'George!'

Explanation followed, but there was little further attempt at a holiday atmosphere.

'Did I do wrong to offer it?' he asked.

'No, dear said mother, as with a sigh she quietly dropped the Christmas list in the fire.

Mother went out a little way with him to pay the bills.

'I hate to see all the fun and the brightness and the good times,' said George, bitterly, as they walked along the brilliant streets.

'Oh, no, you don't,' said mother, soothingly. 'You'd be sorry not to see good times at Christmas.'

'No,' said George, 'not when we have no share in them.'

'We have our share, dear. We have a right to a share in all the gladness of the Lord's coming, if only we will take it.'

The hum of happy voices on the street was accentuated as, having bid his mother good evening, he turned into his place of business. The light and warmth and the cheer were catching, especially if one could look upon them as being evidences of the love which seeks the glory and beauty of the Lord's birthday in showing love for others.

'After all, mother is right. The happiness of our Christmas ought not to depend on a few knicknacks. I'll do better by mother to-morrow. She'll be like a queen, as she always is—trying to make us all happy, no matter how heavy her own heart may be—and I'll stand by her bravely in it.'

He cast a glance of sympathy at the clerks into whose regular line of duty came this Christmas Eve work, finding a glow of satisfaction in reflecting that he was doing work by request—that he was in very truth regarding his uncle's admonition, to do more than his whole duty. Into the boy's heart as he went on came a very sincere and earnest resolve.

'It feels good to do it. I'm going to keep it up, whenever the chance offers.'

There was some fun about it—the big packing cases being brought in conditions of more or less damage, the searching into them for 'all sorts' in the way of notions and fancy goods. It required a long evening's work to get through them, at the end of which time George turned his attention to a number of articles he had carefully laid aside. His heart beat a little faster. If it came out all right the question of Christmas gifts, such a sore, sad one, so difficult to regard with the equanimity which he had determined to bring to it, would be most triumphantly settled.

As the head of the department passed, he called his attention to the things.

'They were among the slightly damaged goods. If your price for them would not be too high, I should like to take them, if I may pay for them next week?'

'Take them and welcome,' said the other, 'they are worth nothing to us. And,' he raised his voice so that it might be heard by the small force of volunteer workers, 'go to the office and get your pay for extra work.'

It had not been expected. George's heart, as he went home with his burden, was light with the feeling that he and his were to be sharers in all the happiness of the gracious day.

All were asleep as he stole quietly in, and he had full opportunity to arrange his gifts according to his fancy.

'And they are all such things as we never could think of buying. Not useful things,' he thought, with fine scorn.

'Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!'

'The best day in the world to you, mother darling!'

The greetings were given with studied warmth, yet under all lay heavy the feeling that there was a sad lack of real holiday flavor.

'Don't open the parlor door yet, George. The house is so cold.'

But George persisted in opening the door, until Emily turned in half-impatient remonstrance. One of the little girls had caught sight of a table inside, and was uttering a wild scream of delight.

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'Christmas has come! It has come! Come to us!'

A work-basket for mother, dainty toilet articles for Emily, and for the small ones a large doll each, with many other bits of trash precious in the eyes of little girls. All with injuries so slight as to take little from their real value.

'Oh, mother! you're right, as you always are,' said George, as at length the excitement was a little allayed. 'You and Uncle Harvey, too—dear old fellow! It always pays in the end to do your very best—and a little more.'

'At Christmas time and every time in the year,' said mother.

'Christmas time and every other,' came in a chorus of happy agreement.

But George never dreamed how much farther he was indebted to his 'doing his best and more,' for it is ordered that we are not permitted to see the direct results of our best efforts. He never knew that his name had been on the list of those among the clerks who, owing to the approach of the dull season, were to be dismissed after the holidays.

The list was submitted to the head of the firm by one of the foremen, with the remark: 'I made this out some time ago, but, pointing to George's name, 'I think we might keep him on. He's spurring up.'

Turning Over a New Leaf.

Mr. Billings settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair beside the stove in the grocery store, and returned the neighborly greetings of the other regular attendants.

'Yes,' he said, meditatively, 'this is the last night of the old year. Somethin' kind o' solemn 'bout it, too, when ye stop to think of it. A year pas an' gone, an' a new one—mebbe the last some of us'll ever see—just beginnin'. It makes a man feel serious. People laugh 'bout New Year resolutions, but I maintain it's a good thing for a man to pull up now an' then an' start fresh; an' the first of the year seems the most natural an' fittin' time to do it.'

'Makin' any res'lutions yourself, 'Lisha?' asked Nathan Hobbs, good-naturedly.

'Yes, sir, I am!' replied Elisha, defiantly. 'I'm makin' one, anyway, an' I don't care who knows it. I'm resolvin' to keep a better holt on my temper this year. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," the Book says. I've had my failin's that way, as some of ye know; but now we're beginnin' a new year an' a new century, too, I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf.'

'What was that you said 'bout a new century?' asked old Eben Cook, from his seat in the corner.

'I said now that we was beginnin' a new century I was goin'—'

'What you talkin' about, 'Lisha? The twentieth century begun a year ago. To-morrow'll be nineteen hundred an' one, won't it?'

'Course 'twill; but ain't "one" the first number there is? An' don't that make to-morrow the first day of the new century?'

'Not by a long shot, 'less I've forgotten how to count. It don't take a hundred an' one years to make a century, does it?'

'No, but it takes more'n ninety-nine. S'pose I was to begin with one, an' count—'

'Hold on a minute,' interposed Judson, the storekeeper. 'Let's say that Bill, here, owed me a hundred dollars an' started to pay me in dollar bills, callin' out "one," "two," "three"—'

'Well, s'pose he did.'

'No, Jud,' said Seth Gibson. 'Here's the way I heard that feller up to the academy put it: How old is a man on his one-hundredth birthday?'

'Good land and seas!' shouted Mr. Billings, as he rose excitedly to his feet. 'If he didn't know any more'n this c'lection of hand-picked lunkheads he wouldn't pass for more'n six or seven, at most. It's a waste o' breath talkin' to ye. My ol' sorrel mare's got more sense than the whole passel of ye!' and he started for the door.

'What was it 'Lisha was sayin' 'bout New Year's res'lutions?' McPherson asked the storekeeper, as the door shut with a bang. But Judson was too intent on his argument with Gibson to reply.—Exchange.

A Silver Rouble.

('Chambers's Journal.')

I.

It was in November, 1874, that I succeeded in gaining an appointment that took me far out of the beaten track of the general traveller. Owing to the influence of an old friend in St. Petersburg, I was appointed to the post of superintending engineer to one of the steamboat companies trading on the Amoor River, in Eastern Siberia; and the same letter which reached me in London notifying my promotion, also contained instructions for my immediate departure to take up my duties at Bladivostock, the company's headquarters on the Pacific coast. I had been expecting this journey for some days, and consequently the preparations I had to make before starting were soon completed. Within a week from the receipt of that letter I was in St. Petersburg; thence I travelled to Moscow and Nijni, and at this latter place commenced the long sleigh-journey down the Volga river to Perm; then on by a single line of rail to Ekaterinburg, finding myself at last within Siberia and at the beginning of the strange journey across the thousands of miles of snow and ice dividing me from my destination.

After waiting at Ekaterinburg for a few days, spent in purchasing a suitable sleigh and laying in a stock of comforts to be used on the road, I eventually started. This was on Dec. 19, 1874. The first few days were a great hardship to me, as I was unaccustomed to the cramped position necessitated by the size of my sleigh, and the bumping and swinging motion, as we trotted at a good pace over the frozen snow road, kept the sleep I so badly needed from my eyes. On Christmas Eve we had left the last posting-house at which we had changed horses some miles behind us, and I was settling myself into the fur rugs preparatory for a long night's journey, in fact I was just dropping off into a restless sleep, when—crash! went something under me, and in a moment I found myself half buried, head downwards, in the snow. With some difficulty I succeeded in extricating myself, and on rising to my feet, surveyed the scene with anything but pleasurable feelings. There, a few yards off, sat my drosky-man ruefully rubbing himself, apparently with a view of finding out if and where he was hurt. Close beside him lay the sleigh, bottom up, with my clothing, rugs, and paraphernalia strewn around. The two horses stood quietly looking on, only too glad, I suspect, of any excuse for a rest. I could hardly help laughing, although our position was anything but enviable. Here we were some miles from the nearest posthouse, the night coming on rapidly, and the thermometer any number of degrees below zero.

Knowing it was useless standing there thinking, I soon had my driver on his legs again, and found, greatly to my relief, that he was none the worse for his shaking. We then set about righting the sleigh, and I was able to see the cause of our mishap. The iron tire of one of the runners had become unfastened at the front end, and falling to the ground, had ploughed its way along, until, meeting a harder frozen part of the track, it had stopped us altogether, with the result I have described. Having found the cause, it did not take us long to put matters to rights; but considering it unwise to push on with the runner unprotected, I decided to retrace the road to our last stopping station, get things put right, and start fairly again in the morning.

After two hours' walking, we reached the small wooden house, and with some trouble succeeded in waking the owner; and we soon had the horses comfortably stabled in the outhouse, and ourselves supplied with beds for the night. In the morning, after breakfasting early, the horses were harnessed, and I proceeded to settle our bill of one rouble. Amongst the change for the note I had given him, the landlord gave me a silver rouble piece, which I noticed had apparently been roughly engraved; and on examining it closer, I found that not only was it pierced near the rim for a cord to pass through, but that on the reverse, some former owner had cut as if with a knife, a rough outline of a Greek cross. I did not pay much attention to this at the time; but thinking it curious, I placed it apart from the rest of my money, intending to keep it as a memento of our over-night adventure.

When, after many weeks and sundry adventures and hardships, I reached Bladivostock, I came upon this rouble in emptying the pockets of my clothes, and being again struck by its peculiar appearance, I decided to keep it as a curiosity; and often would I look at it, and wonder what manner of man it was, and the reasons he could have had for treating a rouble in that manner.

II.

Again it was Christmas Eve; but time had gone by, and the Christmas of 1877 found me with the army of Suleiman Pasha, then fighting in the Schipka Pass against the Russians.

I had spent two long weary years in Siberia, and had succeeded in putting the affairs of my employers into better order; but finding the dishonesty of the under officials too much to contend against, I, with some degree of satisfaction, turned my back on things Russian and returned to London. I had been well paid for my work, and determined to enjoy myself in town, as one can after such prolonged absence in a country like Siberia. But the old longing for adventure and change soon took hold of me again, and when the Russian-Turkish war broke out, I was one of the first to offer myself as a correspondent at the seat of war for a leading daily paper. My knowledge of the language and country procured me the post without difficulty, and I was soon on my way to Constantinople, fully bent on pushing to the front as quickly as possible. Once there, I had some difficulty in getting my papers signed; but at last all was in order, and on that Christmas Eve 1877 I was snugly ensconced in a wooden hut, with my feet to a blazing fire of pine logs, smoking and wondering what the good folks were doing in England. I was not alone, for amongst other Englishmen then with the army were Dr. W—— and Mr. S——, both volunteers in the Stafford House employ, and both were doing their best to establish a service for the transport of the wounded to the rear. They were with me that night; and as we sat smoking round the fire we did not forget to pledge a health to friends and relatives at home.

That night we had scarcely settled ourselves to sleep, when we were awoke by the roar of artillery and we knew that once more the Russians were endeavoring to force the passage of the Schipka Pass. We were soon outside, and the sharp whistle of bullets through the air told us only too plainly that severe business was meant. On either side of where we stood were the Turkish fortifications; and high up in the centre, right under the Russian lines, were the Turkish rifle-pits, which they had constructed with a view to advancing to the attack. Never shall I forget that Christmas Day. The fighting at the front was fierce and each yard of ground was stubbornly contested. The wounded were coming back down the valley in a continuous stream, and a more ghastly sight than some of them presented may I never see. Their transport from the upper end of the defile, where the fighting was taking place, was very bad, owing to want of appliances; and it was a sad and dreadful sight to see the poor fellows coming down sorely wounded, leaning on their rifles or anything they could pick up, many dropping by the way to die, some owing to want of attention, others perhaps for a drink of water. Wherever one looked, the dead were lying thickly in every imaginable position many with their poor white faces turned to the sky, their hands crossed in a last prayer for release from their sufferings.

Towards evening the fighting died down, and at last, as the sun was sinking blood-red behind the snow-covered horizon, it ceased altogether, and I knew that for another night at least we might expect quiet. I returned to the little village of Shekirly, in a belt of forest within half a mile of the battlefield, and my thoughts rested sadly enough on the events of the day, and the hosts of dead and dying who only that morning were strong men, but were now lying uncared for, and half-buried in the fast and silently falling snow.

It was whilst plodding slowly on my way to the village where I hoped to find shelter for the night that I heard steps overtaking me, and turning round, saw two soldiers half carrying, half dragging between them the senseless body of a wounded Russian. They had made a rude stretcher with their rifles, upon which he was lying. One glance at the pale face lying there at my feet was enough to tell me the man was slowly bleeding to death, and on opening his coat I found him badly wounded by a bullet in the left forearm. It had evidently struck him just below the elbow, and tearing its way downwards, had passed out an inch or so above the wrist. The main artery of the arm was completely severed, and he was even then bleeding profusely. I saw not a moment was to be lost if his life was to be saved, and tearing the woollen scarf from my neck, I proceeded to tie it tightly around his arm above the wound; but this failed to stop the flow of blood, and I was beginning to despair of being able to save his life, when I remembered, that by placing some hard substance on the artery and afterwards tightly binding over it I could probably succeed in closing the passage. In a second my hand went to my pocket in search of some article that could be made to serve this purpose, and, strange to say, I brought out the silver rouble I had kept so long as a curiosity. There was no time to lose if I would save him, so in a few moments I had it bound securely over the artery, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bleeding decrease, and soon afterwards cease altogether. I then poured a few drops into his lips from my spirit flask, and telling the men to lift him carefully, I preceded them into the village, luckily close at hand. Without much difficulty we found a suitable lodging, and I left him to the tender mercies of the ambulance doctor, whom I met in the street, and who promised me to do his best for the poor fellow. On leaving, I promised to return in the morning to see how he was going on. That night passed quietly, and in the morning I went round to see my patient. I was met at the door by Dr. R——, who told me that he had great hopes of pulling him round, and added, that he had no doubt my promptness in tying up his arm had actually saved his life, and that, had I not fortunately met them, he would have died before they could have reached the village.

For some days I was not allowed to see the invalid; but at last Dr. R—— called and told me that he was conscious, and had asked to see me; and, added the doctor, the strangest thing of all is that on regaining his senses the first thing he noticed was your silver rouble lying on the shelf by his bedside. He asked to have it shown to him; and on seeing it, appeared very overcome with emotion; and not until I had told him the manner in which it had come there did he seem satisfied, and only then, on my promising to bring you to him as soon as possible. Greatly wondering at this desire on the part of an utter stranger to me, I went to the house, and without knocking, entered the room in which he was lying. As I walked to the side of the bed, his eyes followed me, and with an effort, speaking is Russian, he asked me if I was the gentleman who had saved his life. I said I was, and then asked him to tell me the reason he had been so moved at the sight of the coin. The following is his story in his own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

(To be Continued.)

Aunt Mary's Diary.

('Wellspring.')

The hall door opened, and before Edith could close it an inquisitive breath of the crisp evening air stole into the cozy sitting room. Aunt Mary laid her book on the table. 'Did you have a good meeting, Edith?' she asked.

'Oh, I don't know; rather good, perhaps. But the new minister isn't a bit like Mr. Foss. I suppose he knows enough, has a college education, and all that, but his pronunciation isn't always correct, and that's enough to spoil any sermon.'

'He may not pronounce all his words as you do, dear; still he may have equally good authority. Wasn't his address good and weren't you made better by it?'

'I don't even remember what he said,' and Edith laid her gloves on the table.

As soon as Edith had carried away her wraps Aunt Mary drew the little wicker rocker up beside her. 'Let me see, dear,' she said, slowly, as Edith took the proffered chair, 'you've been to one afternoon tea this week, one lecture on Shakespeare, a missionary meeting, and this evening service.'

'Yes, auntie; but what of it? That isn't much. You don't think I'm neglecting my work?'

'No, dear; but I have a little report I'd like to read, if you're willing.' Aunt Mary reached across the table to her writing desk and took out her brown-covered diary.

'Monday. Edith attended an afternoon tea at Emma Dunlap's. Missed much of the social pleasure because the table decorations were not in harmony with the hangings and the tint of the dining-room walls.

'Wednesday. A lecture on Shakespeare was given at the Second Parish Church. Edith and I attended. The subject was, "Accidents in Romeo and Juliet." I spent a very enjoyable evening; learned many new facts. Edith was disappointed; didn't get much benefit from the lecture. Objected to the speaker's voice; said it was pitched too high.

'Friday. The monthly missionary meeting was held at Mrs. Benson's. Had an excellent report of the State convention by the local delegate. Felt a greater determination to do more in this line of the Master's service. Edith complained that the speaker was confined too much to her notes; said the report would have been more impressive had it not been written.'

Aunt Mary reached for her pencil. 'I've another entry to make of this evening's service,' she said.

'Please don't, auntie,' and Edith looked up, pleadingly. 'I—I—didn't know before what's the matter—why I haven't been getting more good out of my opportunities. It—it's because I meet them all in a spirit of criticism. I'm always on the watch for something to criticize, and so lose the good I otherwise would get. If you'll not make this evening's entry, I'll see that those in the future are less painful for me to hear.'

The Closing Year.

Lives, 'tis said, are albums,
  Written through and through;
Every page bears record
  Of the deeds we do.

Whether good or evil,
  Each day is a leaf,
Upon which is pencilled
  All our joy and grief.

All the foes we've vanquished,
  All the victories won;
Till the last page closes
  With life's setting sun.

—Nellie V. Mayhew.

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A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Dec. 14, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Greek Curses on Forest Destroyers—New York 'Tribune.'
By Taking Thought to Add One Cubit—Letter in the 'Times,' London.
The Course of Commerce—Buenos Ayres 'Weekly Herald.'
Morocco—'The Mail,' London.
M. Santos-Dumont in London—'Daily News,' London.
Metamorphosis—Poem, by William Watson.
Two Opinions on the South African Situation Letters in 'The Speaker' and 'The Pilot,' London.
The Fascinating Apple—Prof. Waugh, in 'Country Life.'
The Humbler Gems—'The Pilot,' London.
Rabbits and Doves—Edmund Selous, in 'Saturday Review' London
Humors of Children—'Daily News,' London.
The Rise and Fall of Trusts—'The Spectator,' London.
Alice in a Fog—Saki, in the 'Westminster Budget.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

History on Canvas—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Chigi Botticelli—'Daily News,' London.
Sir Martin Conway on Art—'The Standard,' London.'
The Book-Binder's Art—Fine Specimens of American and Foreign Work on Exhibition New York 'Tribune.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Builders—By Edwin Markham.
Pattering Feet—'Punch,' London.
Remission—By A. B. Cooper, in 'Westminster Budget.'
Anecdotes of Lord Russell.
Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith on the Art of Biography—'The Times,' London.
Religious Emotion—'The Spectator,' London.
That Which Was Lost—Extract from sermon by Horace Bushnell.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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Grandma's Christmas.

(By Helen Huntington Bullard, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

'Children get more happiness from Christmas than when I was a girl,' said grandma, musingly.

Such an admission compelled attention by its rareness; for we were hearing continually of the good old times when she was young, and how to its disadvantage the present compared with them. Even the fruits of the earth were changed; nothing tasted so good as it used to.

'Giving was one-sided then,' explained grandma. 'Children didn't have the delightful preparation time, the happy burden of secrets, the joy of giving. They didn't ask, with look and tone meant to indicate reference to nothing in particular. "Papa, what do you want that costs ten cents?"'

'But we were as happy over the frugal contents of our stockings as the surfeited present-day children,' she continued. 'An apple from the cellar, highly polished, an orange, a stem of raisins, a Jackson ball, and a doll, home-made body and "boughten" head, sticking out from the top, usually composed the satisfactory filling of my stocking; while its duplicate, save a ball or knife in place of the doll, contented my brother. Mother made the balls by winding fine yarn hard and round to the required size, then cutting pieces from thin leather after a pattern formed from a section of orange peel. These were fitted over the yarn and sewed very firmly. But how I'm wandering! I had in mind when I began to tell you of one special Christmas that differed from all others.'

'Do, please tell us!' was exclaimed. We were gathered in grandma's room trying to finish the dozen and one things that must be ready for the approaching Christmas.

'Well, it was the Christmas just following my tenth birthday,' she began. 'I could knit, but never had persevered to finish a pair of stockings. My aunt, who lived with us, was troubled at such idleness, and as an inducement to steady industry, promised if I would knit a pair before my tenth birthday, that she would speak to

'I think we never could have enough
Of the romp and riot of blind man's buff.'

Santa Claus for something which would make my eyes stick out "like saucers in a cellar wall."

'I began work with a will. White woollen yarn was the material used, though hit or miss stripe would better describe the finished articles, owing to the variable condition of my hands. Mother and aunt knit races with me, and did everything possible to spur my lagging efforts. When the toeing off point was reached, courage revived. The directions for doing it my aunt arranged in rhyme, which I repeated to myself as the needles flew along the last stages:

"This rule was taught me by the good Mrs. Grimes;
Narrow once in six stitches, knit 'round six times;
Repeat next with five, then with four, three, two, one
Then fasten the yarn, and your stocking is done."

'My aunt's accomplishments were various and unusual; she could handle a knife, saw, hammer and screw driver as skilfully as needle or broom. The results of her handiwork rendered my stockings quite inadequate that Christmas, and made my eyes fulfil prophecy.

'Beside my bed was a doll's bed, hand-whittled, screwed together and painted red. It was furnished with straw and feather ticks, little pillows with dainty slips, sheets and a wonderful quilt composed of three hundred and sixty five pieces in red, white and blue. Between the sheets, in a long nightgown, was a beautiful store doll, whose garments for day-time were hung on the tall bed-post; except one little stocking, which hung in puffed importance beside mine. Near the bed was a wash-stand to match, and a wooden wash-bowl and pitcher, fashioned with the same handy knife; and in a tiny drawer were minute wash cloths and towels.'

'What was the very first thing you did, grandma?' asked our ten-year-old from her seat on the floor.

'Why, I took up my new treasure and dressed her, of course.'

The New Year.

Slipping in among the children,
Bright and eager at their play,
Comes the new year, sweet and shining,
Just as gay and dear as they.

Not a trouble yet has fallen
On its merry, laughing face,
Not a single wrong step taken
In its hurrying, happy pace.

All the beauty lies before it,
Dew and rain and frost and flowers,
Flying months and weeks and seasons
Woven out of dancing hours.

Hail thee, lovely coming stranger,
In thy first bewitching day,
Slipping in among the children
Just as bright and dear as they.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Benny's Diary.

(By E. H. Thomas, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Little Ben likes to write, and so he was very much pleased when mamma gave him a diary. It had a red cover, and the date of each day was prettily printed on a separate page.

'You had better keep your diary on the table in your room,' said mamma. 'Then you will always know where to find it.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Benny. 'What shall I write ?'

'This is New Year's day,' said mamma, 'so you might write some good resolutions.'

'What are they ?' asked little Ben.

'Why, you might resolve not to lose your mittens and books and toys,' said mamma, smiling.

'Oh, yes !' said Benny. So he wrote something on the first page of his diary, and put it in his pocket. He started to carry it upstairs, but he met Rover in the hall, and he had to stop and wish him a happy New Year. They had a good romp together, and then Benny saw that it was snowing, so he ran out to find Tom, who had given him a severe snowballing a few days before and now there was a good chance to pay him back.

The snow kept on falling for three days and Benny had so much fun that he quite forgot his new diary. But one day when Tom was shoveling a path he saw something red in the snow. What do you think ? It was Benny's diary. He had dropped it in a snow-bank when he was turning somersaults.

Tom opened it, and this is what he saw in Benny's writing :

'Jan. 1. I am gowin to make a reserlution not to be so careluss bout losin my things.'

And that was all that Benny had written. How Tom did laugh !

Benny looked sober a minute, and then he began to laugh, too.

'Well,' he said, 'I am goin' to make a new reserlution not to lose anything more, never again.'

And mamma says that he is keeping this resolution pretty well for such a little fellow.

Which Was the Hero ?

'What's a hero?' asked little Bob.

'A hero?' said his brother Frank. 'Why, it is one who does something very brave and great. I'm going to be a hero when I'm grown up.'

'Are you really?'

'Yes,' said Frank, nodding, 'I shall be a soldier, and go out to the wars and fight. You'll see me coming home some day, Bob, wearing, oh, such a lot of medals!'

'Well, I s'pose I can't be a hero then,' said Bob, sadly, 'Cause I don't want to be a soldier. I shouldn't like to kill people.'

Frank laughed. 'You're a regular little coward, Bob, that's what you are.'

That afternoon they had a visit from cousin Jack, and when they were out in the orchard, he pulled out a box of cigarettes, and wanted them to smoke. Frank took one and smoked it, too. It was horrid, but Jack would have laughed at him if he had refused. Bob said no, and although both Jack and Frank tried to make him take a whiff, he wouldn't.

That evening Frank was ill; his mother thought it was a bad bilious attack, until Frank, who was feeling very miserable, told her the truth.

'And did Bobbie smoke ?' she asked.

'No, mother,' said Bobbie promptly.

'How was that?'

'Why, you and dad said we must not.'

'That's my brave boy,' replied his mother. 'Before you go for a soldier, Frank, you will have to learn obedience,' she added, for she had overheard their talk in the morning. 'But tell me which you think behaved most like a hero today?'

And Frank was obliged to admit that Bobbie had. — 'Temperance Record.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is December, 1901, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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New Year Bells.

Over the snowy meadows ringing
Come the chimings, sweet and clear ;
Hark, the message they are bringing,
'Unto all a glad New Year !'
List how softly they are stealing,
Louder now, oh, joyful bells !
Then again so faintly pealing—
Thus the music dies and swells.

How I love to hear them ringing,
Like a tuneful hymn of praise !
With the bells my heart is singing,
'Joyful be the dawning days !'
New Year ! New Year ! thou hast roses,
Summer light and all things fair,
Every hour new joy discloses,
Blessings crown us everywhere.

—'Everybody's Magazine.'

A Gentle Hint.

All over the country on New Year's day
Good resolutions are given away.
There are more than enough for every one,
You can have a good measure, a peck or a ton.
Take a dozen, my laddie and lass,
But handle them gently, they're brittle as glass.
If you care for them daily it will not be long
Before they'll be growing quite hardy and strong ;
And when they are older they'll take care of you,
For then they'll be habits, and good habits, too,

—Anna M. Pratt.

Xmas Feelings.

Holly red and mistletoe,
Waving Prince's feather,
Twine we in our Christmas wreaths,
Joys and greens together.
Holly hides a happy wish
'Neath each scarlet berry,
Prince's feather nods to say :
'Let us all be merry !'
While upon the mistletoe
Kisses sweet are growing
That may bloom on Christmas day,
In a goodly showing.
Thus, good friends we weave for you
Garlands of gay greeting ;
With each one may blessing bright
Crown a Christmas greeting.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 5, 1902.

The Promise of Power

Acts i., 1-11. Memory verses 8-11. Read Acts i., 1-26; Matt. xxviii., 19-20.

Golden Text.

'While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.'—Luke xxiv., 51.

Daily Readings.

Monday, (Dec. 30, 1901).—Acts i., 1-14.
Tuesday, Dec. 31.—Luke xxiv., 44-53.
Wednesday, (Jan. 1, 1902).—Matt x., 1-15.
Thursday, Jan. 2.—John xiv., 1-19.
Friday, Jan. 3.—John xiv., 20-31.
Saturday, Jan. 4.—John xv., 17-27.
Sunday, Jan. 5.—John xvi., 1-14.

Lesson Text.

(1) The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach, (2) Until the day in which he was taken up, after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom he had chosen: (3) To whom also he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God: (4) And, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, 'saith he,' ye have heard of me. (5) For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. (6) When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? (7) And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. (8) But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. (9) And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. (10) And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; (11) Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. (12) Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey. (13) And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James the son, of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James. (14) These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren.

Suggestions.

Luke, the 'beloved physician' as Paul called him (Col. iv., 14), was a man of great literary ability, and is also said to have been a painter. He wrote in the common Greek that was spoken then, not the language of the classics. The book was evidently written while Paul was still in prison at Rome, about A.D. 63. The book is a sketch of the acts or deeds of the members of the Christian church for the first thirty years of its existence. The chief actor in the book humanly speaking is Paul, but the book might better be called the 'Acts of the Holy Spirit through the Apostles,' for they could do nothing until they received the power of his indwelling presence.

Luke dedicates the book of Acts to the same noble friend to whom he had dedicated his story of the gospel (Luke i., 3). The gospel told simply of the beginning of all that our Lord Christ taught by precept and example here on earth, his great work is still going on through his true-hearted followers. The gospel closes with a brief account of the day when Jesus was taken up to heaven, the book of Acts opens with a more detailed account of the ascension. After he had given commandments to them (Matt. xxviii., 18-20; Mark xvi., 15-18; John xxi., 15), through the Holy Ghost (John iii., 34) he gave them the promise of the same power which he had had to overcome the world, the power of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Ghost is the old English word for spirit, and its former meaning is still retained in this title of the Spirit of God. The Holy Ghost is one of the three Persons of the Godhead.

During the forty days after the resurrection of Jesus, he showed himself ten or eleven different times to the disciples, and gave them many indisputable signs of his being still alive. He told them a good deal about the kingdom of God, that they might understand a little of what their work was to be after his departure, but their minds were so fixed on material interests that it seemed almost impossible for them to grasp the idea of a spiritual kingdom. The kingdoms of the earth are temporal, the kingdom of God is eternal and ever increasing. The human minds of the disciples longed for the outward show of the restoration of Israel's ancient glory. They had hoped that the 'Son of David' would set up a kingdom far more glorious than even Solomon's splendor. They had not yet learned to compare rightly the earthly glory with the spiritual, the very last question they asked Jesus was about his setting up an earthly kingdom. Jesus replied with the promise which he had often told them before, the promise which God himself had sent to them (John xiv., 26-16-17; xvi., 7-13), the promise of the coming of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Paraclete or Advocate (meaning one who stands by to help).

The Lord Jesus ascended into heaven, and as the disciples stood gazing upward, straining their eyes to catch the last glimpse of him whom they loved so well, two angels suddenly stood beside them with a message of comfort and the promise of the return of Christ at some future date. Comforted and reassured, the disciples returned to Jerusalem from Mount Olivet, the scene of the Ascension, and in a large upper room they met and for ten days waited on God in prayer and supplication. They did their part in perfect obedience, then God fulfilled his promise to them when his own good time came. No time is wasted with God. Time spent in sharpening the axe is time gained in chopping. Time spent in finding out God's will is time gained in doing his work.

Questions.

By whom was the book of Acts written?
When?
How is it connected with the gospel?
During how many days did Jesus show himself alive after his Resurrection?
What question did the disciples ask just before the Ascension?
What was the reply?
What wonderful promise did Jesus give?
Where were they to witness for him?
Describe the Ascension?

C. E. Topic.

Jan. 5.—That which Comes First. Matt. vi., 33; Gen. xii., 7-8; Matt. viii., 22.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PUTTING OFF.

Mon., Dec. 30.—The man who put off.—Luke ix., 59-60.
Tues., Dec. 31.—The hand on the plough.—Luke ix., 61-62.
Wed., Jan 1.—A sad halt.—I. Kings xviii., 21.
Thu., Jan. 2.—An important choice.—Josh. xxiv., 15.
Fri., Jan. 3.—A hearty choice.—Col. iii., 23.
Sat., Jan. 4.—A proud choice.—Rom. i., 16.
Sun., Jan. 5.—Topic.—Putting off and the result.—Acts xxiv., 24-25.

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Publishers.
Montreal.

How to Conquer Sin.

(Arthur C. Perriam, in 'The Christian.')

One afternoon I was trudging up the hill from Gallows Inn to Ilkeston, a thriving little town in Derbyshire, when a seedily-dressed working man accosted me. I was behind time, hurrying to keep an appointment, and as he looked like a tramp I offered him a penny, without waiting to hear what he had to say. My charity was rejected.

'I don't want your money, sir.' There was a slight accent of contempt in his tone. 'I want your help.'

'It isn't quite clear what you mean,' I replied. 'How can I give you help?'

'You see that?' He pointed angrily to a roadside inn about a hundred yards from where we stood, an attractive little hostel, with a gay sign suspended over the invitingly open door. "Take hold of my arm tight, will you? I want to get to my lodgings sober this time. Lead me past that public-house.'

I laughed; the request was absurd, and the situation altogether ridiculous. I began to chide the dejected one for his weakness. 'Haven't you a will of your own? Surely you can walk straight on if you try. The landlord will not throw a rope round your body and drag you in by main force Be a man! Act with resolution!' The poor fellow was disappointed. I saw in a moment that I had hurt his feelings. It was sympathy he needed, not reproof; so I changed my manner, and proceeded in a more persuasive way:—'Well, I really think, if I were you, and the drink had become so very masterful, I would give it up. Whatever may be said for those who are able to take the stuff in moderation, there is no sense in "you" having anything to do with it.' Then I commenced cautiously to descant upon the advantages of total abstinence. With ebullient impatience he stopped me.

'I know all about it, guv'nor; mayhap, I know more nor you can tell me. I've come from Whitby, and when I was there, for seven months I was teetotal; yes, for seven clear months.'

'And did you get a notion that teetotalism wasn't agreeing with your health, or anything of that sort? If you had persevered, your system would soon have become accustomed to it, and you would have picked up your strength again quickly.'

'Stay, you are wrong again; them was the seven blessedest months of my life!'

'By all that is strange, then, why did you break?'

'I'll tell you. It was company what did it. Yes, I was all right at Whitby; there was guardian angels at Whitby! There was a church parson and his wife and daughter, and they kept a sort of open house for us, with papers and games, and sometimes a bit o' singing! It was like as though someone was always at your elbow to keep you straight, and there was no getting away from them neither. I remember, one night, a feeling came over me that I'd like a sup o' whiskey—just threepen'orth on the sly—but as I was turning into the "Goat and Compasses," I felt a pull at my sleeve, and, looking round, who should I see but Miss Lucy! It fairly knocked me over; it was like magic. Read this.'

I took from the hand of the inebriate a soiled letter; it was produced from many wrappings, and looked like a missive that had been read through and wept over again and again. It ran somewhat as follows:—

'Dear John,—You will be sorry to learn that my loving mother has passed away. She has gone to be with Jesus. It was on the last day, and while she was waiting for the Saviour to come and take her to himself, that she thought about you. She said, "I wonder how John is getting on. I have often prayed for him. I do hope he is keeping his pledge." Then she asked me to find your address and see you, or write you. I am keeping my promise to her, John, by sending this letter. Never drink again. May the thought of my mother recur to you when you are tempted. I shall be glad to

hear from you. I have great faith in your power of endurance. I please myself by thinking sometimes about the increase of happiness that has come to you—the blessed change that was brought about by the promise you made us, never more to touch or taste the intoxicating cup. And you are keeping the promise, John, are you not? You were so sincere and earnest when you made it. We all wish you well. My father was wondering this morning how you are getting on. With much sympathy and Christian goodwill, yours truly, Lucy W——.'

All the pitiful feeling of which I am capable set toward the poor wreck of a man who stood beside me. He had been almost saved, and yet appeared to be altogether lost; he had tried to get out of the slough, and a helping hand had been extended to uplift him. The struggle had ended dismally, and down into the deeper depths of degradation he had sunken once more. I slipped my arm within that of my new but disreputable acquaintance, drew him under my umbrella—it was showery weather—and turned aside from the public road into a quiet country lane. He continued his story:

'Yes, as I was saying, up in the North there was always somebody at my elbow to keep me straight. But when the contract the gaffer had there was finished a lot of us was obliged to leave. I came on into this country. It was lonely. At nights I didn't know what to do with myself; the other chaps went to the "King's Head" Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, to a "free-and-easy." I held out for a bit. Worse luck, Blind Aleck, the fiddler, turns up. I'm powerful fond o' the fiddle, and I knew Aleck when I was a boy. It was more nor I could stand. I mind it well: a wet afternoon last November; it was dark and cold; but as I was passing the "King's Head" I could see the gases was alight, and a fire was blazing in the bar-parlor grate, and the old man drew the bow across the fiddle string, and it pulled. The strain of "Bonnie Annie Laurie" "pulled," I tell you, and I seemed to half know it was hell I was going in to, but it was a merry laughing hell just then, and I couldn't help, I couldn't help.'

It was well that we had reached a secluded part of the narrow miry lane, and were some distance from the busier thoroughfare in which we met, for my companion, becoming excited with the telling of his story, had raised his voice, and was speaking with some show of passion.

'Look!' he continued, and he thrust his hand under his crumpled shirt front, and drew forth from where it had been resting, next his skin and pressed to his bosom, a little ivory crucifix. 'They gave me this when I was leaving Whitby—Miss Lucy did. They said I was to wear it, that it would hold me true to my promise, that it would keep me from falling away. It's lost its charm, sir; it's lost its charm.' The voice of the speaker was husky, but charged with emotion. His faith in his fetish had almost gone. 'You don't think there's any good in it, do you?' I was reluctant to answer. It seemed to me, that though that little ivory relic had been invested with a virtue of which it was destitute, I could not speak of it contemptuously without giving pain to the poor fellow, who had so long regarded it with veneration. Yet it was desirable that he should know the truth. I had a Gospel for him; so, after a moment's hesitation, I spoke according to the faith I have—spoke slowly, and perhaps with an impressiveness of manner of which I was unconscious.

'It isn't a Christ like "that," on the cross in ivory, that helps a man; but a living Christ, who is able to enter your heart and abide there. You have heard about the good Saviour, I suppose? He died that he might save, and now he lives to help. He is able to control you, and make you do right, even with everything against you.' I had a most sympathetic listener. I cannot recall much of what I said to him. I know I talked about the grace which is all-sufficient. I remember we prayed, as we stood side by side under the umbrella in the drizzly rain. He got safely past the place of danger; we separated, and have never seen each other since.

Thousands upon thousands are in the same plight as that poor fellow was when I met him—are in moral servitude of a most degrading kind—and it is useless to lecture and reprove them, for they are keenly and painfully sensible of their abject condition, and unless divine energy is applicable to vitalize and intensify the weak will, we might as well hold our peace. But to every man, down and trodden upon, and under the heel of the oppressor, the Christ of God appeals: 'Bruised and fallen one, you have tried to break your fetters and have failed. Trust Me, and I will help you. I will inspire you with my own mighty and invincible Spirit, and you shall be gloriously free.' I speak of what I know. Multitudes have taken the Saviour at his word; they seemed to have no mind, no will of their own, their nobleness, all but a few traces of it, gone, but they said they would let him save them and he has done so. To-day they are on their feet, the ruling passion, greed, lust, spitefulness, love of gambling or love of drink, is strong as it used to be, but they are stronger: 'more than conquerors through him that loved them.'

Correspondence

A BRIGHT NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Dear Children,

Now, at the close of the old year, we want to thank you all for the very nice letters you have written to our paper during the past twelve months. It was very interesting to hear about the members of your family, about life on the farm and in the store, and about your pets.

Many important events have happened during the past year which you will remember all your lives, and to which you have often referred in your letters. There was the lamented death of our beloved, Queen Victoria; there was the terrible cutting-off of the life of that great and good ruler, President McKinley; and there was the welcome visit to our own country of Prince George and Princess May.

We do not know what is before us in the coming year, but we earnestly hope there will be many bright and happy events in the history of every country, and few or none of the tragedies that marked this year.

Our own country, Canada, has come remarkably to the fore during the last few years, and a great deal of her success is due to the sturdy, fearless conduct of her sons, whether far away on the battlefield or at home administering the affairs of the people. To have strong sons and daughters, physically, intellectually and morally is the greatest possession a country can have, and knowing she has this she can look out with fearless eyes to the future.

We want you all, dear children, to try your very best to be good and true, and not only to watch your own conduct but whenever you have a chance to lend a helping hand to some poor brother or sister who finds it a hard thing to battle against the temptations of the world. And, then, you must not go about with long, glum faces thinking what a bother it is to be good, but you must put on the very brightest smiles knowing that it is a privilege to be in the regiment of Christ's soldiers, and making other people anxious to enlist in your Captain's service.

You know when the Canadian boys went to fight in South Africa they could not go in any old clothes they liked, but the authorities gave them certain regulation khaki uniforms which they wore as the best protection for the day of battle. So our Captain will not have his soldiers go forth to fight without the best clothing he can devise for their protection, and a list is set forth in Ephesians vi., 13-17, which everyone of you ought to adopt henceforth.

Dear children, during the coming days, 'Trust in God and do the Right.' Your loving friend,

The Editor of the Correspondence Page.

Fallbrook, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I live on a farm. We have six cows and three horses. We have two cats and one dog. His name is Prince. I have two sisters and four brothers. I go to school. I am in the part second class. We like the 'Messenger' very much. We have two miles to go to school. We have a pine-grove out in front of the house. I. E .A.

Manchester, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My auntie who lives next door, takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like reading it very much, especially the Correspondence, so I thought I would like to write a little letter for it. I am twelve years of age and have two sisters and one brother. My sisters' names are Birdie and Violet; Birdie is ten years of age, and tried the Entrance when she was nine and just came short a few marks. Violet is six years old and is in part II. reader. Forrie, my brother, is eight years old and likes to send little notes with candies in them, in school, to the little girls. He is in the third reader. We have two horses named Mack and Jack. Jack is blind in both eyes, but papa works him in the elevator. We have one cow and we did have a pretty little white kitten; we have two or three names for it as Kitty, Beatrice and Flora and several others. Papa keeps a store in this village. Birdie and I take music lessons and like it fine. I go to High School and like it very much. I go to the Sunday-school every Sunday. We live near the public school, only a few steps to it. It is about two miles to the High School, but papa drives about every morning and night. We are going to have a concert at the Hall, and the High School is getting it up. Birdie and I are going to play a duet, I expect. Papa teaches the Bible class. Papa and mamma sing in the choir.

VERA MARIE H.

Black River Bridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old and go to school. I am in the fourth book and like it very much. I have a pet kitten and two birds which sing for me when I play the organ. I live on a farm, seven miles from the town of Picton, on the shore of beautiful South Bay and in sight of Lake Ontario. I have seven brothers, and I am the only girl in the family.

NELLIE J.

Great Burin, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—My ma takes the 'Messenger,' and in looking over the Correspondence I have not seen any letter from Burin, so I thought I would write a few lines. I go to school; it is about half a mile from home. I am in the fourth reader and like my teacher very well. There is a pond close by the school house and we have fine fun there in the winter on the ice.

MACKINLAY H. (Aged 10.)

Soper, N. D.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years now, and we like it very much. My birthday is on Aug. 22. I have four brothers and four sisters and one little niece. NETTIE G. (Aged 12.)

Sawyerville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a little letter to the 'Messenger.' I have four cats and one dog and a white duck. I go to school; there are three teachers.

ALEX. M.

Black River Bridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have six brothers and one sister. I have a black pup and a calf and three ducks for my pets. I like the pup the best. I am ten years old and in the third book. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I live on a farm along South Bay and Black River. We have three horses and three cows and about a hundred hens.

PERCY G.

STORY RECEIVED.

The little story which N. C. sent is not quite good enough to go in the 'Messenger.' If N. C. wants it returned he must send an addressed wrapper to the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

The poem sent by J. M. could not be used.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Could We But Know.

(By L. M. Montgomery, Cavendis, Prince Edward Island, in 'Union Signal.')

Could we but know how often worn and weary
Are those we meet;
Would we condemn because they call life bitter,
Which we think sweet?
Would not our thought and judgment be more tender
To friend and foe,
Our greeting warmed with more of love's own kindness,
Could we but know?

Could we but know how pain may lurk 'neath laughter—
Too keen to bear—
And how the hearts we deem so hard and reckless
Are dark with care,
Would not our idle tongues be slow to utter
Our words of blame?
Would we not call what we had reckoned folly,
Some gentler name?

Would we not think 'twere wise to be forgiving
Of doubtful mood,
Of all mistakes and seeming slights and errors
Not understood?
Would not our feet be swifter in the going
Help to bestow?
Our own lives better, nobler for the knowing,
Could we but know?

To Relieve Choking.

Raising the left arm as high as you can, writes one in the Washington 'Evening Star,' will relieve choking much more rapidly than by being thumped in the back. And it is well that everyone should know it, for often a person gets choked while eating when there is no one near to thump him. Very frequently at meals and when they are at play children get choked while eating, and the customary manner in relieving them is to slap them sharply in the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free, so that it can be swallowed. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more rapidly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if a child sees that older persons or parents get excited they are very liable to get so also. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the difficulty passes down.

Selected Recipes.

PREPARING MINCEMEAT.

The mincemeat must be made and stored away to mellow. If our housewife follows her grandmother's recipe she will take a fresh beef tongue and simmer it slowly and gently until very tender, adding when half done a tablespoonful of salt; she will skim it, remove all fat and gristle and put it through the meatchopper, through which she has previously passed three pounds of beef suet freed from membrane. Four pounds of tart apples weighed after paring and coring, and one pound of citron, one-quarter of a pound each of candied orange and lemon peel, and one pound of shelled and blanched almonds are in turn put through the chopper, and then she mixes all together, adding four pounds of seeded raisins, two pounds of cleaned currants, the grated rind and juice of four oranges and four lemons, four pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one level tablespoonful each of pepper, ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, mace and nutmeg, and sufficient water to moisten. She lets this stand for a day, then adds more sugar or flavoring if the mixture seems to need it, then puts it away in stone jars.

A GOOD PUDDING.

Two pounds of raisins, after being stoned and chopped; a pound of beef suet chopped fine, a pound of crackers, eight eggs, two nutmegs, one-fourth pound of sugar, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of cloves, salt to taste. Beat the eggs very light, then put in one-half the milk and beat both together. Stir in gradually the cracker, then the other ingredients, lastly the remainder of the milk. If not thick enough, add a little more cracker, and steam six hours.

CURRIED CHICKEN.

Cut a well-cleaned chicken into ten pieces; place them in a saucepan; cover with boiling water; add one tablespoon salt; half teaspoonful pepper, a bouquet, and two medium sized onions, cover and cook till tender. Then melt one large tablespoonful butter, add two tablespoonfuls flour; stir and cook three minutes; add one tablespoonful curry-powder, mix it well with the flour and butter; then strain the chicken broth, add three half pints to the flour and butter, stir and cool till smooth; mix the yolks of two eggs with one tablespoonful of lemon juice, add it to the sauce. Arrange the chicken on a hot dish; pour over the sauce and lay a border of rice around it.

Northern Messenger Mail Bag

Bath, Ont., Dec. 9, 1901.

Sir,—Let me say that I think the 'Northern Messenger' the best weekly paper ever printed for such a small sum of money. I have taken it for four or five years, and would sooner dispense with any other paper than the 'Northern Messenger.'

EDITH M. NISKIN.

'World Wide' is Appreciated.

University College, Toronto, Dec. 9, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son.

Gentlemen,—I have to congratulate you on the idea of founding a Canadian eclectic journal, and on having made so admirable a success in the first year's selections. As a token of my appreciation of the excellence of your journal, I enclose a list of friends, many of whom would, I am sure, be glad to take 'World Wide' once familiar with its face.

DAVID REID KEYS.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'